

"Now, at last, the nations of the world have a second chance to erect a lasting structure of peace—a structure such as that which Woodrow Wilson sought, but which crumbled because the world was not yet ready... Now we of this generation, trusting in Providence to guide our steps go forward to meet the challenge of our day... Ours will be an adventure in sharing duties and responsibilities... Out of it, if we all do our part, there will be new opportunity and new security for the common man."—HENRY A WALLACE, vice-president of United States on 86th birthday anniversary of Woodrow Wilson.



For those who will not be *Mentally Marooned*



One night, in the late fall of 1918, a half-crazed young corporal, in a German hospital, burst into a frenzy of anguished screams and vitriolic abuse. It was an hour or more before attendants could quiet him. Word of the Armistice had just filtered thru. The corporal was beside himself with rage and frustration.

Yes, it was Corporal Hitler. The same Hitler—very much the same Hitler—who now holds German destiny in his hands. In calculating future moves of the fanatic Fuehrer, we should never for a moment lose sight of the fact that we contend with a madman, possessed of an incubus that permits neither rest nor retreat. It is a curse that has more than once led the Nazi ruler into paths of folly.

Where perhaps a more rational leader might now be planning long-range defensive action, we confidently expect Hitler to act with a boldness born of desperation. So long as he has striking power—and he yet has a great deal of it—he may be counted upon to strike—suddenly, and with terrific force.

" " "

And there is yet another aspect of Nazi character that must be reckoned with: a malevolent determination to rule—or ruin. Just a few weeks ago, Dr. Goebbel's in his weekly newspaper, *Das Reich*, said—in the best translation we can give you—"If the day should ever come when we (that is, the Nazis) must depart; if we are obliged to leave the scene of history, we will slam the door with such force that the universe will shake and quake, and mankind will fall back stupefied!"

WORLD WEEK

Quote

prophesies . . .

CONGRESS: Opening weeks will be characterized by tests of strength. Republicans want to see just what they can count on from dissident Democrats. Expect a group, under guidance of Sen Taft, move to "break up" Reconstruction Finance Corp.

FRANCE: The country is, of course, a stone wall, insulated against information. Our best surmise, based on admittedly sketchy data, is that Laval will presently declare war against United Nations, bringing France in as full-pledged Axis partner. It's risky, but Hitler wants move to bolster home morale, and it may be only way Laval can accede to German demand for 400,000 industrial workers.

Those who read in the assassination of Darlan any facile solution of French African problems are not, we fear, viewing all the tangled threads in a snarled skein. While the untimely death of the Admiral eased some tensions, it may have caused others that will prove more difficult to solve. History will record that Darlan accomplished what perhaps no other person could have done at the precise time and place. Now, what may we expect?

On the surface, a *rapprochement* between Gen'l De Gaulle and Giraud seems a distinct possibility. This is obviously an essential prelude to French unity. Yet, aside from yielding to pressure to permit the forces of French Somaliland to enlist actively with the Allied cause, De Gaulle has done nothing to further the cause of unity. He has reportedly twice postponed conference with President Roosevelt.

While Gen Giraud's personal position is not in question, we have yet to receive a full report on the attitude of the people of North Africa. They followed Darlan because, rightly or wrongly, they believed him to be the voice of a imprisoned Petain. Petain has expressly renounced Giraud. Will the people align themselves with this popular French hero, now that Darlan is no longer in command?

And of course no analysis of the African situation can be made without due allowance for the native attitude. Here, again, the shade of Darlan interposes. The native chieftains liked and trusted him; even

more, they revered the man for whom he presumably spoke—Petain. Nazi agents may be counted upon to try to plant in the simple minds of these rulers the thought that Darlan's death was engineered in a move that bodes them no good. Should such an idea prevail, the course of our African conquest would be endlessly complicated.

In any consideration of the French situation we need continually to remind ourselves that the France which is our immediate concern is no longer a sovereign nation; it is a troubled wraith. Only in united action can there be hope for the France of tomorrow.

RUSSIA: The plight of the German armies in Russia worsens day upon day. The possibilities are picturesque, but we are not permitting ourselves to dwell upon them unduly. Capture of the key railway town of Kotelnikovski, 90 mi s-w of Stalingrad, is a major achievement, but as we have said before, our celebration is reserved for Rostov. If the Reds achieve a clear-cut occupation of that city this winter, we doubt that Hitler will ever again be in a position to command the Caucasus.

A Word About QUOTE Deliveries: We've received an avalanche of complaints from subscribers in past 2 wks concerning irregular deliveries. Post Office Dep't assures us that "after the Holidays" service will be better. We're hoping!

Quote

"He Who Never Quotes, is Never Quoted"—Charles Haddon Spurgeon

"Despite the suffering and misery to be endured, I am sure that the New Year will be ushered in with a ray of hope and light of victory ahead."—Capt EDDIE RICKENBACKER, in a Holiday Greeting dictated last October, before his historic flight, and mailed this week to friends.

" "

"We Legionnaires, 1,135,000 strong, pledge that your needs, present and future, will always come first with us. That means arms to fight with now, and jobs to live by later."—ROANE WARING, nat'l commander, American Legion, in a Holiday Greeting addressed to "Soldiers and Sailors of America."

" "

"All attempts to create disunity will be mercilessly crushed. The only fight which matters is the one that will free France."—Gen JEAN MARIE BERGERET.

" "

"Two tasks await us—the employment of our forces in the East and, we hope, and trust, the employment of our forces in Africa."—ANTON A MUSSERT, Nazi puppet leader in the Netherlands.

" "

"I don't think we can expect, or ought to expect full repayment of lend-lease aid."—Sen GEO NORRIS, of Nebraska, retiring after 40 yrs in public office.

" "

"Our most serious enemy is the submarine. The best information we have is that the Germans are devoting themselves exclusively to this weapon."—FRANK KNOX, sec'y of Navy.



"We must see to it that we keep together after the war to build a worthier future."—KING GEORGE, in a worldwide Holiday broadcast.

" "

"Our business is to kill Nazis, not to keep books."—VIADIMIR KORTSEV Russian guerrilla, explaining inability to give accurate statistics on enemy losses.

" "

"While the outlook everywhere is definitely favorable, there is still much hard fighting ahead. The Axis has many millions of troops in the field."—HENRY L STIMSON, sec'y of War.

" "

"Our boys are still trying to fight the war by books . . . They've got to learn that the Japs don't fight by any book."—Lt Gen GEO C KENNEDY, commander Allied Air Forces in Southwest Pacific.

" "

"The democratic church and the democratic state have grown up together. The American free churches have taken their part in nurturing the ideals of freedom and democracy."—Dr FREDERICK L FAGLEY, gen'l council Congregational Christian Churches.

"We must kill more and still more Japanese; sink more and still more Japanese ships."—Adm WM F HALSEY, Allied naval commander in South Pacific.

" "

"Some people talk as if we were the Britain of 1776, and others as if we were the Britain of 1938—and the second group is only slightly less out of date than the first."—HERBERT MORRISON, British Home Sec'y.

" "

"I'll never be happy again until we invade Japan. Then I'm going to buy a big box of silk worms and grow my own stockings!"—A Young Nurse lately landed in N Africa, distressed by "stocking famine."

"Maybe a Christian can 'turn the other cheek', but a country can't—especially when it is stabbed in the back."—BOOTH TARKINGTON, novelist, commenting on necessity for vigorous offensive action.

" "

"Here rests a Jew who gave no rest to Hitler." — Rabbi STEPHEN Wiss, selecting an epitaph for his gravestone.

" "

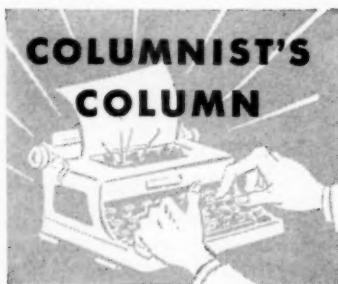
"Winter Vacationists Cut in Half by War" — Memphis Commercial-Appeal.

Quote

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**Need for Criticism**

FRANK R KENT

It is hard to reconcile with reason the attitude of those presumably detached observers who are now preaching to the people that they should accept without protest whatever is done to them in Washington...

To make it sensible, one must assume, first, that the men who are in these key positions are all first-class men who are doing competent jobs. This just does not happen to be so. One further has to assume that everything that is being done is justified and that no improvement can be made. The absurdity of that is too clear to need pointing out. And a third assumption is necessary—that there is nothing to be gained by public protest against mistakes, injustice and inefficiency; that these correct themselves if cheerfully acquiesced in.

If it is pointed out that the White House black list is still in operation; that the effort to regulate retail prices by ceilings was tried before and found futile; that influential men in the Administration are playing New Deal politics under cover of the war; that the labor lobbyists wield a disproportionate and unhealthy power in Washington; that the Treasury tax program is inadequate and partly political; that the manpower situation is in a muddle and the White House refusal to adopt the obvious solution of the problem by extending the forty-hour week is explainable only on political grounds—if these and other things, unquestionably true, are pointed out, there comes a charge of "destructive criticism" and the intimation that it would be patriotic to refrain from comment.—Condensed from Mr. Kent's syndicated newspaper column.

Arabian Knights

Maj C S Jarvis, former governor of Sinai, tells of an American anthropologist who visited Kharga—an oasis in the desert—to study types of humanity. Subsequently he published his findings in a book. A sheik in the town acquired a copy of the book. As his photograph appeared in it, he showed the volume with great pride.

"It is fortunate he could not read the description written under his portrait" says the Major. "It read: 'A particularly low type—the shape of the head being almost simian!'"—*Kansas City Star*.

" "

A certain amount of good old American enterprise is evident even here in Oran. The Arab bootblacks, especially, are stimulated to great lengths by the sight of dust on G I bogans. If you don't keep moving, you'll find your shoes half-polished before you know what's happening.

One enterprising lad, dressed in what seemed to be a badly worn rag rug, has been doing a big business. To prospects he proudly displays a recommendation written by a satisfied client: "To all who shall see these presents, Greetings: Know ye that, reposing special trust and confidence in the fidelity of Boric Acid, I do hereby appoint him first sergeant (permanent) in the Shoe-Shine Boys Army of Algeria." It is signed, "Joe Blow, Third Lieutenant, Underground Mess Kit Repair Unit." —*Yank, AEF newspaper*.

The New Size

QUOTE comes to you this week in an altered page size.

This change is made in compliance with the request that publishers conserve on the use of print paper. With what we believe is an interesting new format, we can bring you practically the same amount of material each week, yet make a substantial contribution to the Government conservation program. We hope you like the new QUOTE. Will you let us have your comment, please? Best wishes for a Happier New Year!—THE EDITORS.



Several months ago a Dutch Nazi was killed in Utrecht; that night an underground broadcasting station gave a description of the murderer, complete in every detail. Three weeks later the Gestapo was still searching for the underground station when it came on the air again. This time it taunted the Nazis by giving an account of a visit to Gestapo headquarters at Amsterdam. Next, the broadcaster gave a word for word account of conferences between a prominent resident and his family, concerning an important post offered him by German authorities. The announcer warned the man that he would be hanged if he dared take this job.

Thus it went for months—with Nazis completely baffled: The underground voice came on the air at irregular intervals—once every two or three weeks, broadcasting hot, inciting news items for 5 min or so. Programs never came twice from the same source; jamming the transmitter proved impossible, as the wave length changed, and broadcasts came most unexpectedly.

Finally, the Nazis resorted to an elaborate ruse to discredit underground broadcasts: Almost immediately after the official closedown of the nazified Hilversum station, a new voice announced: "This is the secret Dutch freedom sender, 'De Notenkraker' (The Nutcracker). . . We do not like Goebbels, that is why we play this dangerous game. This war will probably end in a stalemate and Holland will have to know where it stands." In this vein the announcer continued, with mild criticism of the Nazis; attacks on United Nations.

When the program appeared repeatedly, for a full 20 min, it became certain the station was German. The Dutch were not deceived. Soon it disappeared from the air.—*Netherlands News, Vol 5, No 12*.

America speaks . . .

"I am not an educated man. I do not know how to write a letter. Miss Helen Cheaklos, who helps me sell war bonds, helped me write this letter to you.

"I have been selling peanuts at my stand for the past thirty-three years. Day in and day out people came, bought a bag of peanuts and helped me make a living peacefully.

"I have never bothered anybody in my life and nobody has stood in my way of making a living. That is what America has meant and means to me.

"If we lose this war I will not be able to sell peanuts at my stand any more. I don't want that to happen to me. . . ." STEVE VASILIKOS, White House peanut vendor, in a letter to AHEPA, Greek fraternal organization, which proclaimed him "Man of The Year" for his War Bond sales.

ARTS—in Wartime

The arts are, it is often said, drugs and opiates. A better term would be tonics, stimulants, restoratives. . . It is implied that music, literature, painting, sculpture are escapes from reality. Escape is an ambiguous word. It seems to mean a retreat to the unreal, to the fanciful, to the sentimental. People do escape in the arts only in the sense that they escape from stuffy rooms to fresh air, from crowded cities to open country, from the clang and clamor of the streets to the composed, ordered sounds of a quartet or a symphony. — IRWIN EDMAN, "No Blackout For The Arts," *School Arts*, 12-'42.

BOREDOM

Kermit Kahn tells of a young Chinese who called professionally upon one of those "personality-development" specialists in New York, explaining that he was just naturally bored with people.

With great spirit and animation, the lady instructor proceeded to outline her ideas on the technique of conversation. Presently she paused, turned a radiant smile upon the subject, and inquired if he was "getting" her philosophy.

"Yes" said the Chinese student placidly, "and I am still bored."

Nazis in the Woodpile

One of the unusual books of the past Fall—and one that deserves a wider reading than it may perhaps receive—tells in fascinating detail how the Nazis are employing wood in a world-wide economic plot. It is titled Nazis in The Woodpile (Bobbs, \$2). And it was written by Dr. Egon Glesinger, secretary-general of the Comite International du Bois (International Forest Products Committee) an informed scholar whose family has been in the lumber business for generations.

This excerpt throws light on a point that has puzzled many observers. Why have the Nazis consistently bought up the forest industries in those nations they purposed to invade? Let us see:

The scene is a diplomatic cocktail party at Berne, early in Jan 1941. A Swiss banker rather tactlessly asks a member of the Yugoslav Legation: "Have you completed preparations for your country's imminent invasion by the Nazis?" The diplomat replied that never had the danger of a Nazi attack on Yugoslavia been more remote.

Three months later, the banker's prediction was fulfilled—on April 6, 1941, Messerschmitt bombers destroyed Belgrade, the Yugoslav capital.

The following week I had occasion to talk with this Swiss banker, a friend of many years' standing. "There was nothing miraculous about my prediction" he insisted. "My barometer for every new Nazi attack is the transactions of a team of German agents dealing in forest industries. Today I can predict that within four months Germany will attack Soviet Russia. I know this simply because they have started to buy interests in forest industries in Russian-occupied Poland and Latvia."

"But why should they do that?" I objected. "After all, if the Nazis are to take over these regions they

will confiscate whatever they want."

"That" said the banker "is the Nazi 'weakness for legality.' But there's a deeper explanation. Nazis believe that a negotiated peace will end this war. In that case they must return whatever they have stolen or confiscated. But they can keep what they have bought."

"These purchases are intended to minimize the German risk in event of Hitler's defeat. They believe Nazis who have become owners of shops, factories, businesses in a legal way will not be deprived of ownership; will thus remain in control of key positions from which they can prepare the next German assault on civilization. This is why the Nazis have built up their Wood Trust. They believe they can break world power once they have secured world-wide control of forest resources and forest industries. They can control oil only by a final Anglo-American defeat. So they have made wood the backbone of their economy. Wood helps meet their deficiencies in food, clothes, motor fuel and other war essentials. They believe Hitler's 'Thousand-Year Reich' will be the 'Age of Wood.' That's why they call wood *Universalrohstoff* — the material which can produce anything."

CUSTOMS—British

Let us be fair to Mussolini. His speech the other day really managed to insult the English. They did not mind when he said that they were savages who still painted their bodies, that they were cruel barbarians, that they were tyrants. Those were the expected outpourings. But there was one thrust that got by and it hurt.

"These English," sneered Mussolini, "drinking tea at 5 o'clock in their dinner jackets." That is

an accusation which no Englishman will take from any man, much less a Wop. Never under any circumstances would an Englishman wear a dinner jacket at 5 o'clock in the afternoon. Besides, one drinks coffee in a dinner jacket, not tea. I don't want to exaggerate the incident but Mussolini had better be careful. There's nothing so terrible as the anger of an Englishman accused of wearing the wrong clothes.—"ADELPHI," "London Calling," *Financial Post* (Canada).

News of the New

AUTOMOBILES: Yes, autos of future will offer many innovations; but it's safe bet first ones on market after war will virtually duplicate '42 models. Mfgs are saving late model tools, dies. Some think heavy taxes based on horse-power, and heavy fuel tax may bring lightweight, low-power car for gen'l utility.

" "

AVIATION: Test pilot is robbed of glamor—and peril—by radio flight test recorder, perfected by Vultee. Saves precious time, too. Test plane, in flight, carries 70 radio pick-up devices, which relay messages of significance to engineers below. Thus, from instant of take-off, these men know more about plane's performance than pilot; can warn him thru 2-way radio of approaching danger.

" "

FINANCE: Along with new bluish-gray penny (made of steel with just enough zinc to prevent rusting) you'll soon be jingling 3-cent pieces in your pocket. Pres signed bill last wk authorizing the coin—1st minted since 1889. Idea: conserves metal; you pay for paper with one coin instead two or three. New taxes, odd-penny prices increase demand for small coins.

" "

INVENTION: The newest invention—and one of the most ingenious—in salvage machinery is a device that will take out crooked nails, and straighten them during the operation. The inventor is a 72-yr old carpenter.

" "

MEDICINE: Dr Maurice Tainter, Stanford U this wk added to public knowledge concerning "pep pill" with which he and associates have experimented 4 yrs. Basic ingredient: methyl-benzedrine, derivative of benzedrine. One 10,000-th oz will keep subject wide awake, alert, thinking clearly, reacting faster for 18 hrs. When effect wears off, normal sleep follows. Three or four 10,000th will prevent sleep for 24 hrs, but makes person jittery, nervous. Larger amt would be fatal. Similar pills believed given to German fliers and tank crews.

MAN—Capacity

Everything in our country is getting bigger; only men continue to come about the same size. That is highly relevant, for governing must be done by men. All the miracles of science will not devise a substitute. Machines can replace clerks, but they cannot save labor for presidents, congressmen, cabinet officers or top officials in all the new gov't agencies.—ELIZABETH BRANDEIS, "Centralization and Democracy," *Survey Graphic*, 12-'42.

NEWS—of War

If the news seems dull now, it's because we all may have come to think of news in terms of maps with pins sticking in them and in terms of grand strategy. Events are not dull for the men who are slowly pushing toward Tripoli, picking up mines and repairing blown-up roads and risking their lives in the pursuit of a clever enemy who is withdrawing in one of the most skillful retreats this war has produced.—CHESTER MORRISON, *Chicago Sun*.

PERSONNEL—Capacity

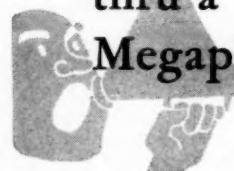
When I was a youth and was being shovved on to a job that I felt was too big for one of my limited experience and capacity, a very wise man called me into his office and did a very unusual thing for him. He said he wanted to shake dice with me.

He pulled out from a drawer five very small dice and told me to roll 'em. I did. Then he pulled out five of the largest dice I ever saw and told me to roll them. I did.

"Now both these sets have been tested," he explained, "and all are sound dice. They will roll right. The chance of winning or losing is the same whether you use the big ones or the little ones. The percentage is the same in both cases. The size does not matter."

"I'm not sure I get your point," I said.

"These dice are like two jobs," he said, "the size does not matter. You have been rolling little dice and now you have got to roll bigger ones. The point is that in either case the principles are the same." —MALCOLM W BINGAY, *Detroit Free-Press*, 11-22-'42.

**Confidentially
thru a
Megaphone**

Meat packers and producers say openly they're scared stiff on rationing prospect. Fear bureaucratic bungling, and folly of trying to adhere too closely to British patterns.

More than 12 million acres of land has been acquired by gov't since Pearl Harbor. Forecast total will exceed 30 million acres—area about size of all New England. Sportsmen grieve at loss of some of nation's best hunting territory.

Military and lend-lease will take at least 25 per cent of all food produced in U S next year. . . Takes the wool of 10 sheep to make a soldier's uniforms and blankets. He needs a whole hide for his boots; one-seventh of acre of cotton land for his webbing and lighter clothing.

New headache for rationing boards: Fuel oil users are refusing to surrender coupons to redeem notes they signed before coupon sheets were issued. Boards are listing these hold-outs, passing names along to all oil companies with instructions to sell no more oil to them until notes are made good . . . Add bureau conflicts: OPA urges use of fireplaces to aid fuel conservation. OCD warns glow from fireplace nullifies black-out; instructs warden to order such fires extinguished.

There's move on to transfer some 500 idle U S industrial plants to South American countries. It's part of program to save shipping space by sending productive machinery to Latin America, instead of finished products. A few textile plants have already been shipped; others are being dismantled.

Residents of Jacksonville, Fla were mildly surprised to observe a pair of feminine panties hanging in a window from which was suspended a sign: "Dormitory for Service Men". Someone had neglected to take down the sign when the WAACs took over the building!

PHILOSOPHY

People with a philosophy are usually inconsistent.—**MARJORIE KINNAN RAWLINGS**, *Cross Creek* (Scribner, \$2.75).



Progress, man's distinctive mark alone,
Not God's, and not the beast's;
God is, they are,
Man partly is, and wholly hopes
to be.

—**ROB'T BROWNING**, *A Death in The Desert*.

PRAYER

D T Curd, of Cave City, Ky submits this old Negro prayer, well worth preserving:

"O, Lawd, give Thy servant dis mawnin' de eye of de eagle and de wisdom of de owl; connect his soul with de gospel-teleform in de central skies; 'luminate his brow with de sun of Heaven; saturate his heart with love for de people; turpentine his 'magination; grease his lips with 'possum; loosen him with de sledge hammer of Thy power; electrify his brain with de lightnin' of Thy word; put 'petual motion in his arms; fill him plum full of de dynamite of glory; 'noint him all over with de kerosene oil of salvation and sot him on fire! Amen."

RELIGION—in Russia

Kneeling figures once more crowd the churches, and the Government which has so long been anti-church apparently recognizes the value of such consolation in supporting the people's inner strength, and raises no objection.

Those who doubt the consolation that prayer can bring to the grief stricken have only to enter the great cathedral in Moscow, as I did, and take a look. There is one particularly beautiful ikon there, "The Virgin Mary Seeking the Dead," and before it kneel hundreds in deepest prayer through all the hours of the day.

The Stalin regime has taken no official steps to encourage religion,

American Scene**"Let Me Be Your Alarm Clock"**

People who read the want ad columns for entertainment were rewarded the other night by a small boxed item which said: "Let me be your alarm clock." We investigated the proposition, and found a little story in its sponsor, Mrs. Mary R. White, who lives out on Sherman road.

To begin with, there aren't any alarm clocks on the market, nor have there been for months.

This state of affairs prompted Mrs. White to become sort of a human Mrs. Big Ben. An early riser herself these many years . . . her husband's work gets him up at 4:45 a. m. . . . she already had a start on her work in her own family. Her married children are engaged in war plants and like many others have odd hours. They couldn't get an alarm clock. Neither could they seem to wake up. So she has the schedule on which to rout them out by telephone, beginning at 5:15 a. m. through to the night shift reveille at 3 in the afternoon. Her only son is away in military service,

but all attempts to discourage it have been relaxed. The former atheist society, headed by Yemelian Jaroslavsky and bluntly called the "Militant Godless," has been disbanded.—**W W CHAPLIN**, *International News Service*.

SACRIFICE

The Navy has 10 or 15 new station wagons costing around \$1500 a piece which it uses on a unique mission. From about 6 a. m. to 9 a. m., when officers are coming to work, and again from 3 p. m. to 6:30 p. m., when they are leaving work, all these station wagons do is haul the officers approximately three blocks to their parking lot.

Apparently, the high command considers three blocks too far to walk, despite the urgent need of gasoline, despite the scarcity of tires and despite the fact that all naval officers are supposed to get a certain amount of exercise to keep

though, so "Mom" doesn't have to get him up. Others attend to that.

Quite a few good sound sleepers have answered her ad and bought the service. She gets into some pretty groggy and unscintillating conversations in the wee hours, too. In retrospect, she feels her ad was too plain. It would have been much peppier if she'd said something like: "Let Mom call you and Mom will sure get you up!" Everybody calls her "Mom" by the way. At first she didn't like it. People almost as old as she is call her that. But now she's gotten used to it, and it's all right.

She doesn't know how far her current telephone project will go or what the complications will be if too many customers will want to be called at the same split second. But she's sure she can manage, and it will all help toward the increased cost of living. In closing our interview, we asked that old question inspired by Irving Berlin in the other war to the effect of "Who gets the bugler up?" That's easy, Mrs. White's got an alarm clock.—*Indianapolis News*.

fit.—**DREW PEARSON**, *Washington Merry-Go-Round*.

" "

If there is a chance of our fighting men running short of gas, we stay-at-homes should be willing to travel, not only on our feet, but on our hands and knees.—**DAVE BOONE**, in his syndicated newspaper feature.

SOLITUDE—Dangers

Do not be solitary; solitude is the death of all but the strongest virtue. Be active; an easy chair is a great breeder of melancholia.—**Dean W R INGE**, "Tell a Friend," *Rotarian*, 1-'43.

STRATEGY—in War

In war, you don't hold out for what you want; you do what wins.—**SAMUEL GRAFTON**, in his syndicated newspaper column.

GEMS FROM Yesteryear

Ring Out, Wild Bells

ALFRED TENNYSON

These lines, from TENNYSON'S In Memoriam, written in memory of his dear friend Henry Hallam, hold special significance for us at the threshold of a New Year. Let us, too, be well resolved to Ring Out The Old, Ring in The New.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying clouds, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night—
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new—
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more,
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind...

Ring out a slowly drying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring the nobler modes of life.
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land—
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

Good Stories YOU CAN USE...

A tough sergeant strode into a hut. "All right you lazy apes, fall out!" he yelled.

The boys grabbed their hats and swarmed outside—that is, all but one, who continued to lie on his bunk blowing smoke rings.

"Well?" roared the sarge.

"Well," remarked the rookie. "There were a lot of them, weren't there?"—Yank, AEF newspaper.

"I LAUGHED AT THIS ONE"

Rep. SAM HOBBS,
of Alabama

The Deacon's Board of a Colored Baptist Church called on me in my law office a few days after I had taken office as Judge of the 4th Alabama Circuit.

They wished to employ me to represent their church in an equity suit filed in my court.

My only possible answer was, "Thank you very much for the honor, gentlemen, but having become the judge of this court, I can no longer accept employment in any case."

"Yes, sir" replied the chairman of the distinguished and solemn group, "we knows bout yo' 'lection; that's the reason we wants you on our side."

The infidel assured the Quaker he would believe in God if he ever saw him, but not otherwise.

"Does thee believe in Spain?" inquired the Quaker.

"Sure," replied the unbeliever, "but, although I have not seen that country myself, I know several people who have."

"Did thee ever see thy own brains, or anybody that ever did see them?" the Quaker asked.

"No," said the other, "but that's different."

"Does thee believe thee has any?" asked the defender of the faith.—*Protestant Voice*.

OWI is passing this along as one of the funniest stories coming from an occupied country. We like it, too:

An old Dutch woman was arrested for listening to BBC broadcasts from London, and haled before Nazi court.

"Why did you do this?" asked the judge.

"Oh, but your honor" she replied, "Hitler told us he would be in London in October, 1940. I have been listening every day since then. I wouldn't want to miss Der Fuehrer!"

WISECRACKS of the Week

A C card on the windshield of a car, with the driver rolling to town in solitary grandeur, comes pretty near to being the new Scarlet Letter.—H V WADE, *Detroit News*.

It was not like this in the good old depression days, when the customer, if any, was right.—SEN SOAPER.

Every two years the people look forward to a new Congress, with more curiosity than hope.—JACK WARWICK, *Toledo Blade*.

Panhandlers may soon be saying, "Gimme a dime, Mister, and I'll tell you where you can get a cup o' coffee."

Visitor: "What a glorious painting I wish I could take those lovely colors home with me."

Artist: "You will. You're sitting on my paint box."

